Prem an Occasional Correspondent BOSTON, Nov. 14, 1860 After the Prince's Ball came a time of what they call here hard sledding for amusement. "Very little chance for "anything irregular here," said a young friend of or is receiving a young friend of his, in this sober city of Boston. If you find lectures amusing, there are not a w of these. The Lowell Institute has opened its hospitable doors, and Dr. Walker is eloquent there, and Mr. George P. Marsh will be, before long. At the Praternity, all the great lights of the lecturing commucity blaze in turn, one in each week, with refreshing intervals of "propria quae maribus," in the shape of Mrs. C. H. Dall, and Sara J. Lippincott. Public concerts, there are none yet-Mr. Zerrahn not having oufficiently recovered from the gymnastics attendant apon the Prince's reception to lead the symphony of Beetboven, with which he infallibly inaugurates his semand series of musical evenings. Messrs, Chickering Sons did indeed invite a select party of friends to a first performance in their new Concert-room, but as this was a private hospitality, not a public entertainment, it is allowable only to say that it was charming. and that, like Hamlet's by and by, is easily said. In very desperation of dullness, one evening, we be

took ourselves to the Aquarial Gardens, whose flaming advertisement of five real living native savage Africans. seemed to promise some relief from the monotony of civilized life. We went, and found the fish tanks drained and deserted, no stickleback building his nest, so soldier-crab going through the broadsword exercise with his eccentric right claw. The fish were perhaps caten up during the last Lent, or have found their way in spirits to those vaults where Agassiz harmlessly cuts and corks up his tinny Parkmans, without fear of de tection. Only the huge tank remained in which the shark used to take his rouse, before he was called to some other sphere of action to us unknown, and in this a solitary crustacea flopped about, occasionally holding up one melancholy flipper as if soliciting sympathy But here is arranged a little theater, and at eight of the clock ees messieurs saurages began to shout their wangh-wangh melodies behind the scenes, and having given us a scientific combination of the tones of the tiger, wild eat, hyena, and hippopotamus, they leaped apen the board and executed themselves in a pleasing variety of anties, hitherto unseen upon any stage. First came the wedding ring: the sun is setting, and the bride is coming; these were the words; the music was a repetition of three or four extremely discordant notes; the bride should have strong nerves, one re-Beds. Then came a wild sort of dance, the savages striking the floor hard with their bare feet, and capering about pretty nimbly, but with a manifest want of intention. Between the performances, the showman secites his little explanation: "These three, the tallest and largest, are Kaffirs, from the Cape Colony; " No. 4 is a Hottentot: No. 5 a Bushman. " in which you behold them are their holiday attire " On ordinary occasions they wear, ahem, very little " clothing of any description. The Bushman is quite small, not much above four feet in hight, but he has been married twice, and has had three child-" ren. Bravo, Mr. Bushman! They will now give " you their war song, after which the second Kaffir will execute his wonderful bond-dance."

The war song turns out to be the most savage incautation to which these ears ever gave attention. Its refrain is a sort of smothered grean, which breathes so of dying agonies and andying hate as to make one-consider. No forgiving of trespasses in that utterance-it is the vengeful cry of the wild animal upon which man, the tamer of beasts, is super-imposed. The colored brethren intone this with so much gusto that one clearly understands, "Those are our sentiments," through the open-mouthed gibberish with which they accompany their melody. Then the Kaffirs retire, and the Hottentot and Bushman give as a duet of their own, in high tenor and falsetto notes, not unpleasing, and with a little of the raw material of music in it, for music, Rke sugar, is concentrated from nature, not proenced by it. Then the Kaffirs return, and mutter a sort of chorus, while No. 2 of them astonishes us with the bead-dance, which is indeed as surprising as the rwman says, which in itself is a surprise. The savage is attired principally in a collection of strings of heavy beads, which hang together in a sort of breastplate on his broad chest. His only other clothing is a complete apron of skins, reaching from the hip to the lance, after the second style of Adam and Eve. He does not caper, but executes a firmly-trodden maneuvre, and by the power of the pectoral muscle alone flings the strings of beads higher and higher, Ill they fly in his face, and above his head. The showman tells us that this is the atmost that negrodancing can do, and invites us to meet our savage friends in the hall below, whither we presently repair, and find the head-dancer a man of powerful frame, with shoulders measuring near a vard across. The development of his chest is magnificent, more graceful than the famous Torso, but scarcely less powerful. Kaffir No. 3 is an excitable creature, with the bard, placey eye of a pard. He has a wooden rattle in his hand, and laughs aloud at its whirring. They all wear a variety of worthless trinkets hung around their necks, and amuse themselves with penny whistles, Jew's harps, and the like-they all ery out, "Lincoln Hamileen all up-Bell all down-ah ha!" to the great delight of the audience. In spite of these peculiarities, there is at once something noble and piteous about them. Humanity in them seems to walk about "like poor, despised Lear-a king, a king!" and their acts and gestures forcibly reminded us of the scene in which the old man enters, crowned with poppies, and sceptred with a straw. Only one stands apart, Kaffir No. 1, a tall, noble savage, grave but gentle, carrying his head like a stag of ten, and showing from time to time dark eyes, at once soft and manly, and teeth as white and hard as rock pebbles. Surely his mother mourns for him in her patient and simple life, drawing water, and weaving mate, and the young maidens of his village will wait with anxious eyes for his return. Such thoughts as these sent us away rather sad from the Aquarial Gardens, and cherishing vaguely the hope that the tall Kaffir would not be allowed to go away from here a greater savage than he came.

It is good to hear "Lincoln and Hamlin all up" from white or black, and the desire to do so led us to Panuell Hall on the evening preceding election day, when it was promised that Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, and other honorables should be heard, a prom ise kept to us, alas! after the fashion of Macbeth's witches, for seeing, we did not hear, and hearing, we and not understand. Having undergone various packinge, recently and remotely, we went thither in great bope of getting in. One can indure a good deal of squeezing when the expansion in the brain compenes for the compression of the rest of our little mortal domain, but such a crowd as was seething, boiling, and overflowing in Fanuell Hall that night, was not to be emcountered save on the ground of martyrdom. We saw that they would break our bones in their zeal, and grind us to powder in their enthusiasm. In fact it was not a matter of will, good or bad, at all, but of solid contents, cubic inches, and the laws of currents. So we abode on the outskirts of the Promised Land, and beard now and then a tone of Charles Sumner's, flung se from a silver trumpet, over the wild waves of popuhar feeling, and straining on tiptoe, we saw his noble frame-work of eager faces. And somehow, the painted Webster behind him looked dead, and the crowded flat of that picture was as a ghost before this new, living picture of a new Era. This we know, this we saw with our own eyes, but our ears failing to succor us in this interesting scene, we went away sorrowful. For we had gone thither, TRIBUNE, desiring to sketch that figure of Sumner for thy columns. We have often seen and heard him before—can we do it from memory, we wonder?

The impression Mr. Sumner makes upon audien ad individual is a complex one: it is that of a variety of flavors ripened by art into a higher harmony the pature at first contemplated. What he is and what he

ie not, what he has and what he has not, have been wrought by culture and conscience into so admirable a whole, that his very defects are become qualities; nor can we spare for criticism any of the traits of a personality which courage and suffering have alike made dear to the American people. In person, voice, and manner, he is all that can be desired for a public speaker. His patience in the study of facts and his weight in stating them are valuable points in popular oratory, where in struction is as much contemplated as persuasion. Burke and Cicero have been the models of his taste and of his culture-he has done them honor. But a certain cordial sincerity which makes itself felt in all his performances is after all, his strongest weapon and his best gift. This gives a thrill to his voice and a light to his countenance that are electric in large assemblies, carrying joy and comfort to his friends, wrath and dismay to his opponents. If you want to say a thing greatly, be sure that you greatly believe it. This Sumner does, and this weight of conviction is the strongest point in his eloquence; it goes far beyond his graces of diction, considerable as they are. Nor is it too much praise of him to say that his great sufferings have not soured his temper, and that his great honors have not inflated his pride. His look and smile are now as clear, bright, and naive as in the days of his youth, and he wears the crown of his martyrdom-a crown rarely worn in this world-with simple and noble unconsciousness, going on only from one faithful service to another, and esteeming his work far above his wages.

Now, if the artist has a little charge en beau this portraiture, it is only with the involuntary exaggeration of good will; and it is better to give the good ideal than the bad ideal of a character. No man is stereo typed; he always hangs between the two. We have drawn Summer as we think he ought to be judged. But this brings us to speak of one who is very apt to give the bad ideal of the person he handles, and who must be dealt with all the more because, for the time, his genius makes us the involuntary accomplices of his in-

0, Wendell! Philippic, fiery Wendell! We were all our election joy. The triumph of Lincoln was new and too good to be true. We went about, as do the Russians at Easter, who say to every one they meet "The Lord is risen." This event, and the great suc cesses in Italy, made us feel that, while the bride groom had tarried, we had all been sleeping, and our waking eyes were yet dim with the mists of our unbelief. We had a Governor, too, after our own heart; and when we went to Tremont Temple to hear you lecture on the election, we went as if to give thanks for its result expecting you to aid us in doing the same. But you, Wendell, never give God thanks for anything. You cannot say grace at dinner without especially vilifying the butcher who provided the meat, and the cook who prepared it. Nay, did one hand you a hospitable cup of tea, you would be sure to say, "It's a pity it is no better." And so, at the Fraternity lecture, when the organ had finished playing all sorts of jubilant marches, "Buchanan's Retreat," "Lincoln's Quickstep," and "God Save the Governor"; and when the eyes of all men were fastened upon you, you pitched into everybody and everything, made our great victory contemptible. knocked over Gov. Banks, held Gov. Andrew aloft, to his great discomfort, pummeled the dignified Seward and in a moment of returning calmness, enunciated your solemn and invariable proposition: "In the be ginning Garrison created the heavens and the earth and I said to Garrison, let us make man in our own image, which we have ever since been trying to accomplish."

But I cannot draw your portrait in wrath. I sympathize too much with the old lady from the country who took up one of Theodore Parker's best morning in her auxiety to have it proved that you were a child of grace. Theodore satisfied her at last, but unhappily he has not bequeathed to us the process by which he did it. I heard you, however, at the Music Hall, when you spoke of him to his afflicted congregation, when sweet words and pathetic tones showed me a deep vein of tenderness in you, and gave me a new criterion whereby to judge you. Now, as I know not, moreover, by what unkind usage the fine gold of your nature has been fretted and twisted into so crooked a pattern, I want to disentangle the real tissue from its adventitious complications, and to give, if I can, the good ideal of your oft-mistaken character. Whoever reads a speech of Mr. Phillips is wounded, or perhaps angered, by injustice done to some one. Somebody's conduct is sure to be stated according to the worst construction that uncharity can put upon it, with an incennity of malice and keenness of ridicule which go far to make the speaker the first satirist of our day. But Mr. Phillips, in his desires, is something more than this. He wishes to be a reformer, a philanthropist ways uses his pitiless weapon on the side of h manity, virtually or supposititiously assailed. But he forgets the humanity of those whom he, in turn, assails-forgets even his own human limitations and in firmities. So, his Christian intentions are not Christian in their expression, and the deep music within him oftenest does not waken the music of other hearts, waking but a sharp echo from the angle of the wal that lies nearest. This, however, is the result of poetic power of abstraction common to all powerfu maginations. He impersonates the evil that he pursucs, and from those who seem to uphold it he for the time strips off their personality, that, like a great general, he may smite his enemies like pawns, nine-pins cabbage-heads, and make death and carnage themselves objects of art. This is simply one manifestation of a great, an admirable power, and the expression of such moods and moments must not be construed with cold and mean literality. When Wendell cusses us all in a heap, to use Artemas Ward's happy expression, why then Wendell is poetical, and goes a little beyond wha s allowable to say of one's fellow creatures. But you annot have the power without having, sometimes, its abuse. The natural forces, which are the winged measengers of heaven, sometimes overleap their mark and freshets and thunderbolts do not make atheists of ns. When there is a real vital force, we feel that it is on the whole more helpful than hurtful; we wish it moderated, not destroyed.

time as he, the orator, pleases, and however unwillingly, is swept off his feet and carried along upon a burning stream of words and figures to be landed at the orator's convenience, in some new region o thought, far from the household gods of his familiar opin ions. This tyrannous genius sweeps an assembly like lightning-abuse, derision, ave, even unfairness, grow for the time admirable in his hands. Mr. Sumner is slow speaker, and his battalions of thought are long in their maneuvers, but Mr. Phillips's fancies are Zouaves. wild, cruel, swift, impetuous, Mr. Samner's language is rhetorical, Ciceronian, a little too remote, perhaps, from the parlance of common men. Mr. Phillips possesses, in perfection, the popular phraseology; h can talk the veriest Yankee and ennoble it, as Burne ennobled his broad Scotch, by the jewels of though that flash through the homely robe of the homespur dialect. So, as all power awakens for the time a sens of exultation in those who behold its manifestation we, for the time, are rapt, moved, carried away by the dynamic Phillips. When he has done, he has laid out large field for criticism, but he has taken us with him. If in the crowd and hurry of his inspiration he has said what had better have been left unsaid, we who have profited by that inspiration must help him to a forgiveness he is more likely to need than to seek. The very reporters should not report him in cold blood-it was poetic madness, but there was poetic truth in it; set them down together. Some thing to be sure is wanting-he has given us the sharp and passionate seventh of the cord, who is there pres ent that can resolve the harmony, with one broad touch? Who but our dear Governor elect, God bless him, who being called up, came in with large and charitable utterance, and healed the wounds that Wendel had made, and gallantly carried off Gov. Banks on his back, a service not due the present Governor in consideration of a single effort made by him in behalf of his

successor. And I thought that Wendell was like a

But whoever hears Mr. Phillips, believes for the

beautiful shrew, who is so bandsome and so musical in her scolding that all the household sit enchanted in the spell of her resentments. And John A. Andrew seemed to me like the wise, compassionate friend who stands by to heal the breaches, and to keep the hasty sparks from kindling to deadly conflagration. And of the first I thought: "Every bird has his own note, " and Wendell shall sing long, and shall be heard far." And of the second I remembered that the Master had said: "Blessed are the peace-makers!"

LITERARY.

-The late visit of the Prince of Wales and his suite has given a great impetus to the study of the Peerage and British Family History, though by a sort of fatal ity, scarcely any of the numerous articles which abound on the subject are free from error. The most ordinary mistake was to make the Duke of Newcastle a descendant of the well-known duke of the same name in the last century, immortalized by Horace Walpole and Macaulay, and who left no posterity. The present Duke is of an entirely different stock. So much is the subject encumbered by the venal misrepresentations of the Burkes and other peerage writers, that there is only one modern book in which the positive truth is told respecting the claims of families to ancient descent. This is an elegant volume, by Mr. Evelyn Philip Shirley, M. P. for Warwick, "The Noble and Gentle Houses of England," which has just reached a second edition. Its canons are severe, but conscientiously carried out, and its object is to record every family now existing in England which has subsisted in a position of "estate and worship," in the male line, and was so seated at the commencement of the Sixteenth Century, or before A. D. 1500, when the devastating Wars of the Roses were just over, and before the changes attendant on the Reformation had made havoc of the old landed gentry. The number of families that pass this ordeal in all England is between 300 and 400, and the results of the investigation are very curious, some counties being without a single resident family of gentry that can assert such a claim.

-An interesting letter has appeared among the foreign correspondence of The Athenaum, from a gentleman, who describes how he was at the moment seated in state, the sole reader-gifted by special permission with access to the archives of Spain, in the romantically situated Castle of Simancas. He uses the signature "G. B.," which might be taken for George Borrow, only that he speaks of arriving "in his carriage," which, as may be certain, Borrow, unless sadly changed since his days of wild equestrianism, would never do. The extent of this famous national collection of archives is almost bewildering, containing more than 100,000 legatos, or bundles of docu ments, each containing from twenty to one hundred and fifty separate papers, according to their size. The collection, in its perfect state of order and accessibility, offers an example to countries that consider themselves more enlightened than Spain. Contrary to the usual opinion, the writer acquits the French of much intentional damage, while they were in possession of these historic treasures always excepting some three hundred legates carried off to Paris, and forgotten to be returned. So much more has been done for the elucida tion of Spanish History in the United States than in any other country, that it is very probable "G. B. may be some New-Yorker or Bostonian, emulous of the fame of Mottley and Prescott.

-Much good lamentation has been wasted on the supposed loss to the country of the Shakespearian treasures of Mr. Burton, the comedian, the sale of whose library has recently taken place. As the " Four Folios" (the gems of the collection) were secured by Mr. Edwin Forrest, as well as most of the other rare editions of which he was not already possessed, it turns out that the jeremiads against the national want of taste were in this instance unfounded. Indeed, the very handsome sum realized by the collection (about \$15,000) is a proof of indiscriminate appreciation, rathe than of neglect or parsimony, as it may be doubted whether the library would have brought within \$5,000 in London, of the sum it will not here. The First Folio of "Shakespeare's Works" (1623) was knocked down for \$375, a fair market price, considering its condition and reparations by fac-similes, while many of the others sold for extreme prices; and throughout the sale, of two weeks duration, there was scarcely a book in any respect "given away," and probably no collection containing the same amount of what a severe critic might call rubbish was ever sold here. This is gratifying thing for the lovers of choice books, for which New-York at this moment presents one of the most active markets in the world.

-A new edition of the curious work of Robert Alfred Vaughan, "Hours with the Mystics," has just appeared in London. The lamented young author died ofter the issue of the first edition, so that the care of revision has devolved on his father, Dr. Robert Vaughan, the biographer of Wyckliffe, and editor of "The British Quarterly Review." It is advertised for reprint by Messrs. Martien of Philadelphia, in conjunc-tion with the "Essays, Reviews, and Memoir of the Author," also prepared for the press by Dr. Vaughau. A work of somewhat similar character, as dealing with the dwellers in the mysterious by-paths of science. is announced under the name, "Curious Things of the Outside World." It will contain researches int the history of the Resicrucians, from the days of the famous adept, Robert Fludd, and his disciples. Though the name is familiarly known, the subject has scarcely been handled by any English writer, and offers tempting field for original investigation. The author is Mr. Hargrave Jennings, who has written a singular book, "The Indian Religious, or Results of the Mysterious Buddhism."

-The second edition of Max Müller's " History of Sanscrit Literature" has appeared within a few months of its first publication—a demand that may with certainty be pronounced unexampled for a work of that character. Prof. Müller will not be inducted into the Sanserit Chair at Oxford, for which he is the mosprominent candidate, unopposed. Mr. Monier Williams, a rival scholar, and author of an English Grammar of the Sanscrit language, has put forth rather i violent manifesto of his claims to the position, as a practical promoter of the study of the language, and better versed in its really classic literature than Max Müller, whom he accuses of an undue devotion to the Vedaic writings, the interest of which is chiefly archeo logical, and not to be pursued so exclusively without conflicting with the purposes for which the Professor-ship was founded by Col. Boden, who left his fortune

-Mr. Ruskin bas just made a characteristic appear ance in print, in defense of the recent poetical volume of his friend, Coventry Putmore, entitled "Faithful Forever." The reviewer of "The Critic" had, in discharge of his duty, eticmatized the work as an instance of the simplest and silliest class of domestic ditties, and certainly the specimens he gives seem to bear out the assertion. Mr. Ruskin, however, declares the poem, to the best of his perception and belief, "a singularive perfect piece of art, containing, as all good art does, many very curious shortcomings (to appearance), and places of rest, or of dead color, or of intended harshness," as necessary to the general effect on Mr. Ruskin's theory, as the shadows to a picture or the discords in a fine piece of music. Whether this ingenious plea. which is enlarged on with the writer's usual rhetorical ability, will be allowed on Parnassus, does not yet

-The sale of Baron Humboldt's property, recently con cluded, was confined entirely to the articles of art, virtu, and personal property belonging to the deceased sayant, irrespective of his library, which has passed in one lot into the possession of Mesers. Asher & Co. of Berlin, who are ready to treat for a purchase of the whole, or failing this method of disposing of it, will break it up and sell singly (most likely) by anction. A full descriptive catalogue is preparing, which will be an interesting document, containing the presentation addresses, &c., which accompany most of the books. and specimens of the marginal notes that abound in the late owner's antograph in many of the volumes. -The great historical work of Dr. Monumen.

"History of Italy from the Earliest Thue to the Period of its Decline," is about to be brought out in En gland, under the best auspices. The translation is executed by the Rev. E. S. Davies, with the sanction and latest corrections of the author, and the co-operation of Dr. Schmitz of Edinburgh, by whom an introduction will be prepared to Volume I., which is to appear in London during the current month, and will be reprinted in this country by Messrs. Appleton

-The veteran historiographer of mythology and fairy land, Thomas Keightley, whose late valuable edition and biography of Milton (3 vols., 8vo., Chapman & Hale) exhibits taste and erudition of a high order, reappears before the public as the translator from the Dutch of a work of fiction, "The Manse of Mass lane." What treasures the unwrought mine of the literature of Holland may yield to his investigation is matter of interest to a public almost palled with the ever-recurring commonplaces of ordinary novels.

-Sporting literature will receive an acceptable addition in the forthcoming book of Sir Francis Bard Head, The Horse and its Rider." As far as the first of thes is concerned it is said to be a perfect manual of equintheory and practice. "The Dead Shot" or Sports man's Complete Guide to the use of the Gun, is anothe late issue of the English press, recommended by its clever and characteristic illustrations. Both of the books will appear in American editions.

THE PICTURE OF ADAM AND EVE.

"Dubufe's reproduction of his two celebrated paintings of Adam and Eve, before and after the expulsion, have been received here, and, we understand, are to be exhibited through the country, as the original were some 25 years ago. We never say the original pictures, of which these are said to be improved copies; but we can hardly believe that such paintings as these were ever so well received as the first are reported to have been it has been said that the original "Adam and Eve" netted to their exhibitor in this country something like a hundred thousand dellars, though no part of it ever reached the artist to whom the picture beleuged.

The above appreciated in Turn Terramond of the country is the country to the country to the country the country to the country the country that it is a country to the country the country that the country the country that is a country to the country that the country that is the country that the country that is the country that th

The above appeared in THE TRIBUNE of the 14th

The history of the original paintings is very curious Mr. J. W. Brette of London and his brother came out to this country in 1834, and brought with them a large collection of " Paintings by the Old Masters," expecting to realize their expenses by exhibiting them, and then discose of them to great advantage.

Among the lot were two paintings, rolled up in one roll, that the Brettes regarded as rather too indecent to

The paintings all had to be bonded at the Custom-House. The then eminent firm of Gracic, Prime & Co. were bondsmen for the lot. A place was secured i Barclay street, and the paintings by the old masters were opened for exhibition. Price of admission 50 cents After a few weeks' trial the exhibition closed. It did not pay rent. The Messrs. Brette had become dis gusted, and owed money. In the mean time Adam and Eve lay rolled up in the garret of the store No. 26 Broad street. What shall we do next? was the vital question. The two paintings were unrolled upon a pile of sacks of coffee, and for the first time were viewed by American eyes. "Exhibit them," was the decision of the bondsmen, and they were sent up to the Academy of Paintings in Barclay street.

Talk of well received! In less than a week crowds flocked to see them. Money poured in by the bushel; \$300 to \$500 a day was nothing. Brette paid his debts. paid the duties, and within three months from the time the paintings were opened to the public he remitted to London £2,500 !

More money was taken in to see "Adam and Eve" (in proportion to the population) than even Jenny Lind eceived twenty years later.

All the newspapers, especially The N. Y. American, puffed the paintings terribly. Charles Fenne Hoffman wrote columns of criticism. The Episcopal Bishop and thirty clergymen of note gave certificates that they were purely Scriptural. All the congregations visited Edward Livingston, Minister to France, pronounced Eve to be the exact portrait of a notorious bu very beautiful French woman, who had been at one time the mistress of Dubufe, the painter of the picture

To sum up, the Brettes received \$50,000 from New-York citizens before the pictures started for the South. They visited all the great cities of the Union. In the Winter of 1834-35, the receipts of their exhibition at New-Orleans were \$38,000.

Col. Preston of South Carolina offered \$50,000 for the pair. It was refused.

Such is the brief history of the original paintings of Adam and Eve, that were in New-York a quarter of a

century ago.

THE SPANISH FRIGATE BERENGUELA

As already announced, her Catholic Majesty's steam propeller Berenguela, one of the Spanish North Amer-

ican squadron, arrived at this port on Wednesday from hauled at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, to enable her to do which, the steam frigate Wabash, now in the dry dock, will be floated into the stream. For the present, the stranger is anchored off the Battery... Our naval reporter visited the frigate yesterday, and

was courteously furnished with the information be sought by the officers. The Berenguela is about 1,200 runs burden, and carries a fine armament of 37 guns medium size thirty-twos and sixty-eights, manufactured at the naval depot of Truria, in Spain. Fifteen of thes gans are on the spar, and twenty-two on the gun-deck. Forward on the former is a neat brass twelve-pounder howitzer, of Boston origin-a personal present to the Commander of the fleet.

A novel idea has been carried out in arranging the small arms beside the cannon of the ship, thus obviating the necessity of keeping them in a separate room. A spare propeller is stowed amidships, to be used in case of need. The decks are kept exceedingly neat. The sailors are smart, intelligent-looking men generally; and the marines, of whom sixty-four are on board, present a soldier-like appearance. The day's guard is regularly in uniform on deck from "flag up" to sandown. The lower decks contain the officers sleeping apartments and the middles' mess-rooms. The Commander's chamber is tastefully decorated with pormits of the Royal family of Spain, and a cracifix hangs over his bed. There are no men undergoing punishment at present on board. The officers say that very little is ever necessary with them.

The squadron, of which the Berenguela is one, con sists of no less than 20 men-of-war, of which II are steamers. As it is well to know how the Spanish Navy is represented in the Gulf, we append a list of the entire fleet:

sabel de Catolies.

Pizarro, Baraw, Herman Cortes, Neptune, Venadite, Guadalquiver, General Lero. Blaico de Garay,

The officers of the Berenguela are as follows: Captain, Jose Ignacio Rodriquez; Commander, Francis de Pa Maryen; Lieutemants, Demetrio de Catu Moutenegro, Thoma de Bortes, Salvador Carviza, Francis Vits; Assistant Surgeons Juan Acosta, and Joseph Gallerdo; Cheplain, Valentine Acosta Cother Officers, J. M. Truzillo, Louis Garcia Carlonell, G. Lobi M. Pavia, B. Freye, D.E. Secrate, D. Y. Benita, and others.

Subjoined is a statement of the present strength o the Spanish Navy. There are in serviceable condition 82 vessels, carrying in all 887 guns. Of these, two are ships of the line, rating 86 guns each; four are frigates rating from 32 to 42; four are corvettes of from 16 to 30; nine are brigs of from 10 to 20; sixteen are smaller vessels, and ten transports. There are three steam frigates, of which the Berenguela is one, and five schooners, all fitted with the screw, beside three paddie-wheel frigates of 500-horse power and 16 guns each; eight brigs of 350-horse power and 6 guns, and eighteen coners of from 100 to 300 tuns, and 2 to 5 guns each. The personnel consists of about 14,600 sailors, in active service, independent of six battalions of marines, numbering 1,000 men each. There are, however, nearly 100,000 registered fishermen and others who could be drafted into the service. The officers number 1,150, of all grades. The coast-guard of Spain is maintained by twenty-four feluccas and eighty-seven estamperias.

The Berengeula will be put in regular "ship-shape before a week, and persons having proper passes may vieit ber. She would well repay a tour of inspection.

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

The Louisville (Ky.) Courier has full faith in the Union, and opposes meetings to conciliate anybody. The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer wants a State Convention to determine Virginia's course, and goes for a

united South. At present it is for the Union.

The Border State (Maryland) thinks the whole affair vill be but a tempest in a tea-pot, a fit subject for

The Southern Confederacy (Georgia) suggests that it shall be a penal offense for any citizen of the Slave States to buy or sell any article whatsoever to a citizen of the Free States. Also, that the Courts of the Southern States be closed against all citizens of the Free States, in the collection of debts. It calls upon every member of Congress and Senator to resign; if they do not, they will be proved arrant hypocrites and

paltry place fanatics.

The Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig has no fears of an State, except South Carolina, and only of her because the voice of her people is stifled by landed and aristocratic distinctions.

The St. Louis (Mo.) News wants Mr. Lincoln to issue manifesto of his views.

The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer submits, but advises its friends to "trust in God and keep their powder dry."

The New-Orleans Crescent calls upon the Electoral Colleges to repudiate Lincoln! It warns them to cause before it is too late; they may sow the wind; but if they do, "let them look out for the whirlwind."

The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth says:

"If the people of South Carolina, Alabama or Georgia desire to secode from the Union or the Constitution, let them do so. Let them inclose themselves within a Chinese wall, if they want to, and here is one within a Chinese wall, if they want to, and here is one who will contribute his mite toward furnishing the requisite rocks. Let them do what they please, and when they please, with one solitary condition, viz., hat their separation shall be final. Their absence would be an incalculable and invaluable relief to the behance of the people of these United States. We should escape large quantities of quadrennial gas, and confusion, and stuff. At every Presidential election, these political fillibusters remind us of the poor Frenchman who looked himself in a room with a rich one, and threatened to blow his own brains out, and charge the rich one with the murder, unless the latter gave him then and there \$500. Every four years these Southern Quixotes swell up with bad whisky and worse logic, and tell the people, if they don't do so and so, that they—the Quixotes—will secede. Let them secede, and be—blested. We are tired of their gasconade, their terrific threats, and their bloody prophecies. They were never calculated for any higher destiny than that of frightening old women and young children. They have been revived and repeated, until—to use an expressive vulgarism—they are 'played out.' Their pressive vulgarism—they are 'played out.' Their bombast is absolutely sickening."

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury is thus jubilant over the bill to call a convention:

" In the spirit and temper of the times, a convention In the spirit and temper of the times, a convention of the people of South Carolina, to be held within four weeks, to pronounce upon her remedies in the crisis which is at hand, means disunion—means the separation of South Carolina, whether alone or with others, from the Union which can only be a badge of infamy to her! It is so hailed in this community. The decree has gone forth, and must be registered in the tablets of history. forth, and must be registered in the tablets of history. Well done to our noble representatives! The day that brings them back again to the hearts of their constituents will be prouder than those which witnessed the triumphal processions of Imperial Rome. In the glowing language of Cicero: 'The very foundations of the city will move from their places and go forth to meet them.'"

LETTER FROM THE SON OF HENRY CLAY. The following letter from the Hon. Thomas H. Clay will be read with interest:

Mansfield, near Lexington, Ky., Nov. 11, 1860. " My DEAR SIR: The Presidential election is over nd Mr. Lincoln is elected constitutionally the next President of the United States, and it becomes every good citizen to submit to the will of the constitutiona pajority as declared at the ballot-boxes. The moment Mr. Lincoln shall have taken the oath prescribed by the Constitution, he will stand upon the Union Plat-

form, and I am assured from all quarters that his ad-

ministration of the General Government will be national and conservative. " I rejoice in the conservative attitude which Kentucky, in common with Tennessee, Virginia, and Missouri, now occupies. We are of the border States, and so long as we maintain our present position the Union is safe, in spite of the black cloud of Secession and Disunion which hangs over some of the cotton-growing

"The resignation of the Federal officers in South Carolina is misprision of treason. Messrs. Magrath, Colcock, and Connor are giving aid and comfort to the contemplated revolutionary proceedings of which they must have had knowledge.

"There is no man in all my acquaintance in Kentucky who justifies South Carolina in her course. She will vet mourn over it.

"But what course in this emergency will the corrupt and imbecile administration of James Buchanan take Is there not cause for grave and serious reflection? If we were convinced that the President would do his whole duty, we might look hopefully ahead.

" But, alas! for the country, we are fallen upon evil imes. A corrupt Democratic Administration sways the destiny of this fair heritage of freemen, and in what unnumbered perils may we not be east by it! We are not sufficiently advised as to the course

which Georgia, Alabatoa, and Mississippi may adopt. It is devontly to be prayed that they may not be pre cipitated with South Carolina into secession. Should the Federal officers in those States resign, would you not think the clouds were deepening, and that they portended a terrible storm? And what a pilot we have at the helm! Would he call around him the wise and true and the patriotic to save the ship of

" I confess I have but little hope in him. He is not equal to the crisis, and nothing but a protecting Providence can save our beloved country from a bloody

"I shall be pleased to hear from you. It is a time when lovers of their country should be in constant correspondence. Believe me, truly your friend, "Jons B. Fax, esq. THOS H. CLAY."

VARIOUS MINOR INCIDENTS.

The Charleston (S. C.) News puffs a cure for fever a emphatically a Southern production;" and a hair wash as "equal in every way to those manufactured at

The telegraphic dispatches from the North in South ern papers are full of ridiculous exaggeration and

The St. Louis Republican denies a rumor that Sena tor Green is going to resign. He will not be so green, as his term expires next March.

The Memphis (Tenn.) Bulletin learns from Wash ington that in view of the increasing power of the disunionists in the South, the conservatives of that quarter, headed by Henry S. Foote of Mississippi, A exander H. Stephens of Georgia, Isaac E. Morse of Louisiana, Gen. Sam Houston of Texas, George W Jones of Tennessee, the Hon. John M. Botts, Timothy Rives, and William C. Rives of Virginia, Albert Ruof Arkansas, and James Guthrie of Kentucky intend issning a manifesto, assuring the conservative people Free States that in no event will the constitu tional election of Mr. Lincoln be regarded as a cause for breaking up the Union, unless he should attack the rights of the South.

ALL COMMERCE NOT SUSPENDED.—Twelve hundred kegs of powder, and eighty-four boxes of ammunition were shipped to-day to Charleston, South Carolina

COMPLIMENTS FOR THE HERALD. TREASURY DEPARTMENT, N. C., Nov. 10.

The Editors of The Journal of Commerce.

Gent: The inclosed slip cut from The N. Y. Herald of the 8th inst. is a hoar throughout.

The regular biennial session of our Legislature commences on the 19th inst.

D. W COUTTS, Pub. Tressurer.

"THREATENED SECESSION IN NORTH CAROLINA.
"The Governor and Council are in session. The news war
rants the belief that the Legislature will be called together immediately. The people are very much excited. North Carolina is
party to second."

AN IDLE RUMOR CORRECTED. The Collector of the Port of Charleston has deemed it necessary to contradict certain rumors in circulation respecting the business at that office. The following is a dispatch received by Collector Schell:

To A. Schralt. Collector—It is reported that Clearances at refused at this office. Condradict it. The business of the office goes on as usual.

W. F. COLGOCK

ARMY AND NAVY MOVEMENTS.

Several army and navy movements recently have doubtless been dictated by the aspect of Southern affairs. On Monday last we recorded the departure from this port of a detachment of United States soldiers for Fort Moultrie, South Carolina. Previously the only barracks in Missouri, which is considered one of the peaceably-disposed Southern States, was vacated by a company of Government soldiers, and Jefferson Barracks has now no garrison. Yesterday the unexpected announcement that the corvette Saratoga, recently commissioned at Philadelphia to reenforce our African Squadron, has been detailed for service South startled everybody. The Saratoga is a second-class sailing sloop-of-war, 882 tuns burden, and carries 20 guns. She has on board about 300 sailors; and it is worthy of remark that her marine guard is more numerous by half than that of any corvette in the navy. She was to have sailed to-day for the Coast of Africa. The Crusader has been ordered to "repair" at Pensa cola, although she was "repaired" a few weeks since This looks singular, too.

As some interest attaches at present to the complement of United States soldiers stationed South, we append a correct list of them: At Fort Monroe, Va. 8 companies of Artillery; at Favetteville Arsenal, N. C., I company of Artillery; at Fort Moultrie, S. C., 2 companies of Artillery: at Augusta, Geo., 1 company of Artillery: at Key West, Fla., 1 company of Artillery; at Barraneas Barracks, near Pensacola, Fla., 1 ompany of Artillery; at Baton Ronge, La., I company of Artillery-Total, about 800 men. There are about 120 United States marines at Norfolk and Pensacola. The recruiting stations of Jefferson, Mo., and Louisville have no full company garrisoning them just

HOW THE SCHOOLMASTER WAS USED.

There came passengers on the South Carolina, Mr. William C. Wood and Mr. Blodget, a produce dealer. Mr. Wood, it appears, went South for the purpose of eaching. He was a graduate of Harvard College. He was destined for Four-Mile Branch, Barnwell Dis teaching. He was a graduate of Harvard College. He was destined for Four-Mile Branch, Barnwell District, S. C. He took passage in the cars from Charleston for his destination, in company with Mr. Blodgett. On the way, inadvertently, he expressed his preference for Lincoln as President. An individual was noticed, intently listening to his conversation, and at the next stopping-place, where the cars tarried three-quarters of an hour, he was waited upon by a committee, who questioned him as to his politics, but he declined to give them any satisfaction. Mr. Wood thought no more of the questioning to which he had been subjected, and continued on his journey. On arriving at "Four-Mile Branch," the place was found to be terribly excited, a telegraphic dispatch having probably informed the citizens of the opinious of the newcomer among them. He was immediately waited upon by a Committee, who told him that it would be impossible to permit his stay in the place, and advised him to leave as his best course. They, however, did not insist on his immediate departure, and offered to pay the entire expense of his return to this city. Mr. Wood concluded that he would retrace his steps without delay. He experienced no insults in the cars on the way to Charleston, except from a few rough customers, as an officer had been provided to protect him. On reaching that city, at the suggestion of friends, he occupied apartments in the Guard-House the night previous to the suiling of the steamer, that being the safest retreat during the existing excitement. The occupied apartments in the Guard-House the fight previous to the sailing of the steamer, that being the safest retreat during the existing excitement. The next morning, an officer of the city came down with Mr. Wood to the steamer, and put him safely on board. The produce dealer, so far as we could learn, effected the object of his Southern visit.

AN OUTSIDE VIEW.

AN OUTSIDE VIEW.

From The Montreal (Canada) Herald.

This very obvious rule seems to be utterly forgotten by the Fire-Eaters of the South, who, under pretense of Southern rights, would practically disfranchise the North, which need take no part in the Presidential election, if its sentiment is to be overridden by the fear that, if it prevail, it will lead to a break-up. Instead of appointing Conventions to dissolve the partnership, because a man unpopular with the South has been chosen for President, it would be more simple to appoint a Southern Convention to has been chosen for President, it would be more simple to appoint a Southern Convention to name the President at once, who should be accepted by the North, without any farce of election, on pain of disunion. If threats like these frighten the North into submission, the ballot-boxes and other vain machinery of popular and equal rights may as well be dispensed with. Nothing can show this more conclusively than the particular circumstance which has been made the occasion for this burst of furious nonsense. No one in the South pretends that he is hurt at present. Till the month of March their own chosen President is at the head of affairs; and after Mr. Lincoln shall have been inaugurated, with a majority in each branch of Congress, supposed to be favorable to Southern views, it may well be doubted whether that sacred kind of property the black man, can suffer much spoliation at the bands of the head of the State. It is not, therefore, because they are hart that spoilation at the hands of the head of the State. It is not, therefore, because they are hart that these hasty Southerners threaten to dissolve the Union. It is simply because they have not had their own way in a matter where others have just as good a right as themselves to make their opinion available. After all, it is probable that the hubbub will affect the stock exchange more than any political institution. Timid capitalists will sell at a loss; weak speculators will be mined by the full in sequention. institution. Timid capitalists will sell at a loss; weak speculators will be rained by the fall in securities, which would be no worse nor any better if South Carolina and the rest of the seceding States were out of the Union to-morrow; and after some real disasters of this kind, with, perhaps, an attempt for a few months on the part of one or more States at an isolated existence, all things will return to their present position, with the difference that the gasconaders will have eaten a good deal of humble-pie. Of this kind of edible South Carolina seems to be providing the greatest share for herself. She has taken a course which admits only of persisting in a folly or of completely backing out. Georgia, on the contrary, is merely proposing anillegal career, in which she will only be too happy to be pulled up by the strong arm of the law; and as to the others, they will probably hesitate until some great wrong is done them, and that is not likely to be speedily.

NEW-JERSEY ITEMS.

THE FIRST TRAIN OF CARS THROUGH THE BERGEN TUNNEL.-The Bergen Tunnel, which has been in ourse of construction for a number of years, and has cost an immense sum of money, was yesterday traversed by a locomotive and train of cars for the first time. At 11 o'clock, a train, consisting of a locomotive and two platform cars, and containing about 150 perons, passed through the cut, which is 4,300 feet in length. A row of torches on each side of the care gave the excursionists an opportunity to examine the work of the tunnel. At all the points where there was danger of the rock giving way overhead, substantial arches have been constructed to guard against accident.

Upon emerging into daylight on the other side, the company were greeted with enthusiastic cheers by the aborers who had gathered there, nearly 400 strong. After remaining a short time, the train returned to the new ferry-houses, in course of construction, at the Long Dock, where the guests partook of a collation; after which speeches were made by Edwin Stevens, the Hon. D. S. Gregory, and others

DESCENT UPON RUNNERS .- The New-York and Eric Railroad Company have for a long time been annoyed by New-York hackmen and hotel-runners, who erose over to Jersey City to solicit passengers. Complaints have been made to the police, and yesterday afternoon eight of them were taken into custody by Chief of Police Marinus and a squad of police. They gave their names as John McDonald, Patrick Egan, Sebastian Josephs, Richard Bogardus, Alex. Morrison, Thomas Bowen, James Howard, and Peter Riley. Recorder Tilden fined them \$20 each for violating the ordinance for soliciting passengers without a license.

MARINE AFFAIRS. MISSING VESSEL.

The ship Golden Fleece which sailed from London June 18 for St. John's, N. F., and New-York, has not yet arrived. It is probably the British ship Golden Fleece, built at Aberdeen in 1856, 259 tune reg rates A 1 at Lloyd's, as the American ship Golden Fleece arrived at San Francisco from New-York Octo-

and the state of t